The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE STARS ARE IN THE SKY ALL DAY.

The stars are in the sky all day,—
Each linkéd coil of Milky Way,
And every planet that we know,
Behind the sun are circling slow:
They sweep, they climb with stately tread,
Venus the fair and Mars the red,
Saturn engirdled with clear light,
Or Jupiter with moons of white.
Each knows his path and keeps due tryst:
Not even the smallest star is missed
From those wide fields of deeper sky
Which gleam and flash mysteriously,
As if God's outstretched fingers must
Have sown them thick with diamond dust.
There are they all day long; but we,
Sun-blinded, have no eyes to see.

The stars are in the sky all day;
But when the sun has gone away,
And hovering shadows cool the west,
And call the sleepy birds to rest,
And heaven grows softly dim and dun,
Into its darkness one by one
Steal forth those starry shapes, all fair,—
We say "steal forth," but they were there!
There all day long, unseen, unguessed,
Climbing the sky from east and west.
The angels saw them where they hid,
And so perhaps the eagles did;
For they can face the sharp sun-ray;
Nor wink, nor need to look away.
But we, blind mortals, gazed from far,
And did not see a single star.

I wonder if the world is full
Of other secrets beautiful,
As little guessed, as hard to see,
As this sweet starry mystery?
Do angels veil themselves in space,
And make the sun their hiding-place?
Do white wings flash as spirits go
On heavenly errands to and fro,
While we, down-looking, never guess
How near our lives they crowd and press?
If so, at life's set we may see
Into the dusk steal noiselessly
Sweet faces that we used to know,
Dear eyes like stars that softly glow,
Dear hands stretched out to point the way,—
And deem the night more fair than day.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

THE GLORY OF MAN.

"The heavens declare the glory of God."—Ps. xix. 1.

The evolutionists are attempting to show the slow method by which the divine wish turned into a flower or a bird or a man. What our fathers thought God did in an instant the religious evolutionists think he did by the action of millions of years. Either theory may be deeply religious; for in the vastness of the universe, when one planet was covered only with infusorial forms, there could have been other planets in which nightingales were singing and in which a humanity was dwelling in a beauty much greater than that yet reached by our world. As some suns and planets have died, so others have unfolded their life; and, as on the orange-tree there are some

blossoms that are opening while others are fading, so in the universe, while some planets are entering the endless shadow of death, others are rising in all the richness of youth. Some think the moon is a dead globe. If so, our earth is now singing the life song which has elsewhere died away. Either theory gives us a God who sees somewhere all his will bursting forth into life. If a million suns are dying, there are a million that are beginning just now to bathe the space with light. As in spring leaves open and in autumn fall, so in the universe there are springs and autumns in which stars bloom and fade. Neither theory can ever, perhaps, become established. One is good as the other. From the one or the other the mind can say, "The universe is God's will rushing into life." It is of no moment whether it rushes slowly or rapidly.

So far as observed, the universe is pervaded by one general plan. The law which Newton detected in the common orchard is universal; and, if there be trees on Mars and Venus, we know whither their fruit falls. The spectrum reveals the fact that all the planets are made of the materials that compose our earth. As all the tribes of men on our globe compose only one manhood, so all the stars overhead are like so many blossoms on the cherry-tree. Having seen one, we have seen all. Dante went from orb to orb in his great flight, and found in all the mighty constellations souls once known on earth. The stars were all one family. If, then, the universe is the will of God bursting into life, the human will must follow its high example, and make the earth declare its glory. If the universe is the arena of God, an infinite field in which his wishes turn into being, then the little earth of man must be the locality where his wishes turn into realities. Here pure thoughts become deeds. Here, within narrow bounds, man becomes a creator. His soul, like God in its mystery, produces, like God, a mysterious world. The heart must be strong and pure,—strong that its creations may be great, pure that its work may be beautiful. As God's mind travelled outwardly and became a universe, so all mind must thus move out from within and become a second realm. Under this universal law man must take his place.

Not long after the human infant appears upon the scene, it begins to express itself. It speaks through smiles and through its bright eyes many months before words begin to come. This is the soul bursting its shell and coming out. As in the flower-seed a germ lies stored away in darkness, waiting for the day to arrive when it shall start upward through bud and leaf, thus man's soul lies in infancy, waiting for the time of moving out from the dark and hidden centre. At last, when we behold a Newton or an Edmund Burke, what an outreaching lies before us! As the spider makes and ties its strings that from a central point it may run outwardly and possess a part of space, thus Newton spun his intellectual web, and fastened its silken cords to the stars. God traverses infinity: man takes his few footsteps in some little corner of the Father's house.

At the Humane Convention one of the speakers said: "The horse is beaten in the street. You saw the cruelty: what did you do? The little child was naked and starving: what did your spirit do?" That is, does your soul express itself in its world, or is it in the darkness of a cell? Is it dumb? Has it not reached a language? A noble woman, a sculptress, while walking on a hillside a few miles from Rome, saw a peasant preparing to burn some dry grass under a horse that could not pull its load. He thought the fire would be more cruel than a whip. The sculptress ran and jerked away the dry grass, and then she reasoned with the peasant until he became ashamed of his own mad cruelty. That artist had been in the world long enough to have spun the threads that led outward from her soul. She could express herself not only in snow-white marble, but in snow-white deeds.

Oh, what a world we shall have when all hearts shall have learned to move outwardly in both beauty and love! As God would not be to us a God, had he no universe, so man is a nothingness unless he is acting in a world. A poetess in a long poem laments that we die leaving so much undone: —

"The sweetest chords among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust;
The richest notes adjusted by the angels
Are clogged with dust.

"We pipe and pipe again in dreary music
Upon the self-same strain,
While only sounds of crime and desolation
Come back in loud refrain.

"On through the world we go, an army marching,
With listening ears,
Each longing daily for the heavenly music
He never hears."

But the poetess ought to have confessed that, if man longed much for heavenly music, he would hear it. In the ages past those few souls that have longed for it have found the whole earth to be an organ full of rapturous melody. God would not create a world which should make music for him, and should only creak and groan for his children.

Language is one of the modes by which the soul expresses itself. A gifted mind that has lived an intellectual life has on its lips ten or twelve thousand words. Each word stands for a thought or an emotion, and is a vehicle of the hidden understanding or is the gate out of which the mind issues. So perfectly at home is the mind among its words that it seems a part of them, as the hand is a part of the body. As a bird uses its wings unconsciously, so man uses his language, and runs to and fro upon it. The Appian Way, along which for more than a hundred miles the Romans poured on foot, on horse, and in chariot, was a short little bridle path compared with that Latin language in which the soul journeyed all over the empire, and at last over the world. In that tongue the mind became externalized and visible. Now, when the Latin faces are all gone, and even the tombs have all mouldered, these words are still seen expressing the absent souls of the race. Thus all great languages are only the gates of pearl or gold by which the mind passes out of its solitude and silence. They are like the stars that proclaim the glory of God.

Words are, however, inadequate. The mind is so infinite that, after a great speech has said all it can, there is much of the soul left unexpressed. Then came the arts to tell upon canvas or in marble or in music what man could not utter in words. Emerson says, "We love to see St. Peter's, because its vaulted arches, its dome, its columns, are just what our heart is wishing for." We did not ever feel that words had been adequate. We had some soul left, and Angelo and Bramante kindly intervened, and uttered our sentiments. Thus the music of the world is another utterance of our wish. Quite rich is the soul when to language all the arts add their eloquence. As a perfect song cannot be sung with only one note, so the mind cannot be expressed by vowels and consonants. It asks for the many notes possible in our planet.

After language and the arts have attempted to be man's orator, then Nature adds her vast vocabulary, and man says to the woods and mountains and sea: "Ye are only the picture of my inner self. I have long wanted to speak thus, and now at last my happy hour has come. O Nature, be thou my new oration and my new poetry! When words fail, be thou a new emblazonment of thought and emotion!" Thus each flower is a part of man's wish. When the English tongue fails him, he can walk into his garden or field, and impress hundreds of beauties into his service. The silence around him becomes eloquence.

THE STILL HOUR.

Within! within, oh, turn
Thy spirit's eyes, and learn
Thy wandering senses gently to control.
Thy dearest Friend dwells deep within thy soul,
And asks thyself of thee,
That heart and mind and sense he may make whole
In perfect harmony.
Doth not thy inmost spirit yield
And sink where Love stands thus revealed?
Be still, and veil thy face:
The Lord is here, this is his holy place!
Then back to earth, and 'mid its toil and throng
One glance within will keep thee calm and strong;
And, when the toil is o'er, how sweet, O God, to flee
Within, to thee!

—*Gerhard Tersteegen.*

God is the Word; that is, his very nature is speech, his very being is manifestation. He reveals himself in creation: the visible universe is a manifestation of his presence.

When we come to know that we know God, we have immortal life abiding in us. Then the soul is alive through and through.

Without God the world is a great void, a vast emptiness, an infinite disorder. There is nothing permanent to reverence, to love, to worship, to trust, only blind forces, only dead laws. . . . To be without God is to be without hope in the world.

God reveals himself also in the great order of the universe. The universe is not a blinding storm in which innumerable atoms are driven helplessly without aim or purpose. Instead of this it is a web of law, all things being bound together by plan, everywhere an adaptation of means to ends.

Christ has so brought God into the world, he has made the divine presence in all things so much a part of our unconscious belief, that we are supported by that faith when we do not know it.

The world is full of a divine presence even to those who doubt or deny the existence of the Almighty. Faith in an infinite justice, a perfect love, above all things, of a vast wisdom guiding all things, has become a part of the intuitive belief of Christendom.—"*The Unknown God and the Known God*," *James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BIBLE CLASS.

WHAT SHARPE SAYS OF THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE BOOK OF ACTS.

The Acts are said, by the early ecclesiastical historians, to have been written by Luke; but, from internal evidence, by noting when the writer speaks in the first person, they seem to have been written by Silas,—Paul's companion on his travels. We may reconcile the two opinions in the following manner:—

The Romans in Judea and in other parts of the East very much used the Greek language; and the Jews, when using that language, often gave to their names a European form, or translated them into Greek names of the same meaning, and, when allowed, were glad to take a Roman name. Thus Saul of Tarsus is better known by his Roman name, Paulus, or Paul. Barnabas's nephew John takes the Roman name Mark. The Hebrew name Simeon is changed to the Greek Simon. Among the translated names is that of the apostle Cephas, *a rock*, which in Greek becomes Petrus, or Peter. Jacobus, or James, becomes Cleopas, both meaning a *supplanter* or *thief*. Other names in the New Testament are shortened in familiarity; thus Epaphras is the same person as Epaphroditus, Hermas or Hermes as Hermogenes, Sopatrus as Sosipatrus, Prisca as Priscilla, Silas as Silvanus, and Lucas, or Luke, as Lucius. The slave Onesimus among friends receives the longer name of Onesiphorus.

From these examples of playful change of names we see that the Roman citizen bearing the name Silvanus, shortened into Silas, may very possibly be the same person as Lucius, also called Lucas, or Luke; and thus that Silas, Silvanus, Lucius, and Luke may all be the same person; and that he is so is abundantly proved by the narrative of Paul's life. His full name may have been Lucius Silvanus. In order to show that this supposition leads to no contradiction, we add all the places in which he is mentioned. We never meet with the two names in the same writing; and in the course of our narrative, whenever Silvanus, Lucius, or Luke, is mentioned in an Epistle, it is at a time and in a place where, in the Acts, Silas is said to be present. In Rom. xvi. 21 Timothy and Lucius are said to be with Paul at Corinth; but in 2 Cor. i. 19 his companions there are said to have been Timothy and Silvanus. In Acts xviii. 5 they are Timothy and Silas.

From the use of the words "we" and "us" in the narrative we judge that the writer of Acts calls himself familiarly . . .	Silas
Timothy, as penman of 1 and 2 Thess. and 2 Cor., and Peter in 1 Peter v. 12, more ceremoniously	Silvanus
Paul familiarly in 2 Tim., as also Timothy, when, as penman of Philem. and of Coloss., he calls him fellow-laborer, or the beloved physician	Luke
Tertius, the penman of Romans, more ceremoniously	Lucius

Thus we may accept the name of Luke for the writer of Acts, agreeably to the tradition. Lucius of Cyrene (Acts xiii. 1) is a different person.

Further, by showing that Silas was the

same person as Luke, and was the writer of the book of Acts, we are enabled to distinguish between those earlier parts of the book, where he relates what he had heard from the Jewish disciples, and those later parts, where he speaks as an eye-witness, and has as thoroughly the character of a western writer as his contemporaries, Pliny, Plutarch, or Tacitus. We thus relieve him from the blame for mistakes into which he may have been led by others in the earlier part of his book.

Of Luke himself very little is known. He was by profession a physician (Col. iv. 14). He was a Roman citizen (Acts xvi. 37). His name, whether Lucius, or Silvanus, or the double name Lucius Silvanus, was Roman; and he was probably a native of Rome, who had come to Judea in some civil or military employment. He shows a familiarity with Roman matters, mentioning the two emperors, Tiberius and Claudius, and then Nero under the names of Cæsar and Augustus; also Claudius Lysias, the commander of the Roman troops in Jerusalem; Felix and Porcius Festus, the governors of Judea; Gallio of Achaia, Publius of Malta; and the names of the Roman legions, or cohorts, as the Augustan band, the Italic band. He knew that Sergius Paulus, the author, the proconsul of Cyrus, was a man of understanding. He is accurate about the officers in the Roman army, as the general, who was governor of the province, the captain, or tribune, the centurion, and the captain of the camp, to each of whom he gives the usual Greek title.

His knowledge of the magistrates' titles is equally characteristic,—as that in Ephesus Paul was befriended by the Asiarchs, and that Thessalonica was governed by Politarchs, and that the city of Philippi had the rank of a Roman colony. He had travelled with Paul through Phrygia, Galatia, and Mysia, for upwards of five hundred miles from Iconium to Troas, and, with a true Roman disregard for those whom they called Barbarians, he does not give us the name of a single town; but in Italy the names of Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, between Puteoli and Rome, tell us that there he is at home. That he was a Gentile convert appears from his not understanding the law in Ex. xxii. 26, on which is founded the command in Matt. v. 40, "If any one sue thee at law and take thine under garment, give him thine outer garment also," which latter the law protects, in order that the debtor may sleep in it. As Luke (vi. 29) thought that the outer garment would go first, we must suppose that he was not a Jew.

As we have this double source for knowledge of the apostle's life,—his own writings and the Acts of the Apostles, both of them full of particulars about his own movements and the movements of his fellow-laborers,—it has long been a natural wish among inquirers to see how far the two accounts agree, or whether they disagree, and thus to test the genuineness of both. Books have been written on both sides, some of which an inquiring student would naturally like to consult. Of these it will be enough to speak of two, which seem the most important: one seeing no important disagreement and accepting the whole of these writings as genuine and authentic; and the other finding numerous disagreements and contradictions, and from them denying the trustworthiness of Acts as a history and the authenticity of several of the Epistles.

"The Life and Epistles of Saint Paul," by Conybeare and Howson, is a biography full of useful historical information, drawn from all sources, relating to the times when Paul lived, to the political state of the Roman empire and Judea, and the condition of the Jews under their Roman masters, with accounts of the countries through which the apostle travelled. It is not wholly founded on the Acts, but woven out of the two sources. The authors may have felt unable to follow the book of Acts strictly, and then to put each Epistle into its proper place, without leaving many difficulties unexplained. Moreover, it was not their aim to find contradictions, but rather to find an agreement, and to make a book which should be useful to the reader. In this latter aim they have been very successful; but it by no means removes those difficulties and disagreements which keener critics have discovered.

The other work is "Paul, his Life and his Works," a contribution to a critical history of primitive Christianity, by F. C. Baur. This is a very different work from the former. It is not a biography. It makes

very little use of the Acts of the Apostles while attempting to put the Epistles into chronological order, making, however, a rough examination of those passages in the Epistles and Acts which should harmonize together, but which appear to disagree. The criticism as to the Epistles is mainly based on the religious and philosophical opinions in each. Baur would have stood upon safer ground if he had relied more on their biographical contents, in which they are so rich, and had considered the apostle's opinions after he had settled the order of the Epistles. The results at which Baur arrives are that the book of Acts is a very untrustworthy history, and that four only of Paul's Epistles can be accepted as genuine, Romans, Galatians, and the two Corinthians. This unfavorable opinion has been accepted and repeated by a crowd of followers (German, English, Dutch, and French), many of whom seem not to have looked into the matter for themselves, but to have trusted that Baur had done so.

Baur's treatment of the subject is by no means that of an impartial inquirer, far less so than that of the two other authors. A better way is to begin by examining carefully how far the seeming contradictions are real, or whether they are, in any cases, caused by mistranslations or other misunderstanding of passages. Baur has not gone this way to work. He accepts the usual arrangement and translation, and then he points out very successfully how the writings hopelessly contradict one another throughout. If we might take Conybeare and Howson's work as a defence of the Epistles and Acts, and could suppose that Baur had written his work in answer to it, we could not but acknowledge that he had seriously weakened the defence.

In order to show that a further consideration of the apostle's life is needed, it will be enough to give one example of how widely the two classes of critics differ. Conybeare and Howson quote Acts xvii., xviii., relating how Silas and Timothy came to Paul at Corinth from Thessalonica and Berea, as being in perfect agreement with 1 Thess. iii. 1–7, where Paul says that Timothy rejoined him at some unmentioned place from Thessalonica. Paley, in his well-known "Horæ Paulinæ," takes the same view of these passages, and thinks Paul in his Epistle is speaking of Timothy coming to him at Corinth at that time with Silas. Baur also accepts this opinion, which fixes the date of the Epistle as written from Corinth at that time, when the apostle had only lately come from Thessalonica, and the Thessalonians had only been converted to Christianity within a month or two. But, then, Baur reads also the rest of the Epistle, which clearly implies that the Thessalonians were not new converts. Their Christian faith had long been known, and talked of widely; and they had been known to Paul so long that he was glad that they had not forgotten him. From this Baur argues that it is impossible that the apostle should have so written, and he puts aside the Epistle as a clumsy forgery. He does not inquire whether a wrong date may not have been the cause of the apparent contradictions, for on that head he is willing to trust to the judgment of those critics against whom he is writing.—"*The Apostle Paul*," *Samuel Sharpe*.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.*]

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The Eastport Branch offer the following books. Address Mrs. O. B. Whalen, Eastport, Maine. "A Year of American Travel," Fremont; "Memories of my Youth," Lamartine; "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat"; "Russia before and after the War," Taylor; "Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland," Walpole; "America" (history), Mackenzie; "Little Dorrit," Dickens; "Felix Holt," Eliot; "Daniel Deronda," Eliot; "Essays of George Eliot"; Reid's "Intellectual Powers of Man," Walker; "Domestic Worship," Furness; "The Greatest thing in the World," Drummond; "English Composition," Boyd; Barnes's "Second and Third Reader"; "First Lessons in Language," Goddard; Barnes's "National Arithmetic"; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1896.

Miss Elinore Blake, 70 Market Street, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, offers the following books:—

Educational.

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Miscellaneous.

Pamphlets, *Atlantics*, and *Harper's; Christian Register*, 1889; Holmes's "Poems"; Longfellow's "Poems"; "Greenwood Leaves"; "Words of Jesus"; "My Mother"; "Young Man from Home," John Angell James; "Ladies' Cabinet Album"; "Ladies' Book for 1832"; "Looking Upward," James Thompson; "The School Boy," J. S. C. Abbott; "Young Man's Guide"; "Beautiful Joe"; "The Luttrells, or Two Marriages."

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(Do you mean current numbers sent weekly or old numbers?)

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Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Mrs. Mary J. Noddin, Garland, Maine, has moved to East Corinth, Maine. She has a boy eleven years old, and would like reading for him as well as herself.

To-day I send in my subscription, hoping to be received in full fellowship with you all. One who has been a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange for several years assures me that my life will be brighter. I have four children. Pearl is eleven, Don is ten. My two eldest are off, trying to make a living. We have no schools in the Springs. I should be very grateful for books, papers, magazines. *Every Other Sunday*, *Our Dumb Animals*, would be a treat to my children. We all love good books, religious or fiction. I shall lend any reading matter sent me to others, and will do all in my power to promote the growth of this good work in my community. Mrs. Jennie Lowe, Olympia, Wash.

I have been here two weeks (but cannot see that I have been benefited by the change or treatment). I could bring but little of my reading matter with me here. It is being read in about thirteen families, and will be taken care of by two of my friends. My address, which was formerly Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, will be for several months, if I live, Vinton, Virginia. I hope my friends will still remember me. Mrs. H. C. Martin.

Mrs. O. J. Thompson, Brown's Station, Missouri, asks for reading suitable for herself, her daughter of twenty, or her son of ten. Mrs. Thompson's daughter is an invalid. Any reading sent will be fully appreciated.

Mrs. C. R. Henry, Paulina, Crook County, Oregon, living fifteen miles from the post-office, and seventy from the nearest town, desires reading.

Mrs. M. Bowler, Deerfield, North Carolina, asks for First and Second Reader and Spelling-book.

Rev. J. F. Campbell, superintendent of the Unitarian Mission, Pine Mountain, Campbell County, Tennessee, is in much need of good reading for his people. (Mr. Campbell is a correspondent of one of our P.O. Missions.)

The *American Agriculturist* and *Forest and Stream* are asked for by Mrs. S. E. Bock, Aurora, Oregon.

Stephen D. Rhoden, La Pine, Alabama, is in need of a large dictionary.

Mrs. Laura A. Hudson will be glad to receive *Godey's* or *Peterson's* magazine. Address Murry, Boone County, Missouri.

Mrs. Maud Wheeler, Tom Bean, Texas, would like *Ladies' Home Journal*, and picture-books for her baby girl, two years of age.

Mrs. Cora Crewdson, Payson, Illinois, asks for any of Rosa Carey's or Mrs. Stowe's works. Mrs. Crewdson is a "shut-in," having been confined to her bed twenty-nine years.

Mrs. Lucy Greer, Yadkin Valley, Caldwell County, North Carolina, will be glad of any reading.

Miss Jennie Matney, Deerfield, North Carolina, wishes a "Latin Grammar," "Rhetoric," and "Advanced Arithmetic."

Miss Sue T. Wehr, Blairstown, Iowa, Box 154, writes: "I am a complete 'shut-in' and suffering invalid, confined to bed or couch. I devote my time to reading, writing, and light-weight fancy-work. I am delighted with anticipation of receiving reading matter from your club. Would be very glad to receive 'Boy's Own Book,' 'Anyhow Stories,' or *St. Nicholas*, 1896."

To Thomas Barnett, Verge Crone, Miss Loula McJunkin, Mrs. Maggie Bonds, Mrs. M. A. Smith, Mrs. Mary W. Churchwell: Your letters might have been printed this month, had they been sent to the Book Club secretary, according to directions. No requests should be sent to the editor, except for books which she personally offers.

Think it the first of virtues to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to a god who knows when it is best to be silent.—*Cato.*

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[*Please send articles for this department during the first week of the month before the one in which they are to be published to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.*]

Most men and a great many women would be astonished at being told that simple humanity requires them to gratify every wish, even the smallest, of their children, when the pain of having that wish denied is not made necessary, either for the child's own welfare, physical or mental, or by circumstances beyond the parent's control. The word "necessary" is a very authoritative one. Conscience, if left free, soon narrows down its boundaries. Inconvenience, hindrance, deprivation, self-denial, one or all, or even a great deal of all, to ourselves, cannot give us a shadow of right to say that the pain of the child's disappointment is "necessary."

Selfishness grasps at help from the hackneyed sayings that it is "best for children to bear the yoke in their youth"; "the sooner they learn that they cannot have their own way, the better"; "it is a good discipline for them to practise self-denial," etc. But the yoke that they must bear, in spite of our lightening it all we can, is heavy enough. The instances in which it is, for good and sufficient reasons, impossible for them to have their own way, are quite numerous enough to insure their learning the lesson very early; and, as for the discipline of self-denial,—God bless their dear, patient souls!—if men and women brought to bear on the thwartings and vexations of their daily lives, and their relations with each other, one hundredth part of the sweet acquiescence and brave endurance which average children show, under the average management of average parents, this world would be a much pleasanter place to live in than it is.

Let any conscientious and tender mother, who perhaps reads these words with tears half of resentment, half of grief in her eyes, keep for three days an exact record of the little requests which she refuses, from the baby of five, who begged to stand on a chair, and look out of the window, and was hastily told, "No, it would hurt the chair," when one minute would have been enough time to lay a folded newspaper over the upholstery, and another minute enough to explain to

him, with a kiss and a hug, that "that was to save his spoiling mamma's chair with his boots"; and the two minutes together would probably have made sure that another time the dear little fellow would look out for a paper himself, when he wished to climb up to the window,—from this baby up to the pretty girl of twelve who, with as distinct a perception of the becoming as her mother had before her, went to school unhappy because she was compelled to wear the blue necktie instead of the scarlet one, and surely for no especial reason! At the end of the three days an honest examination of the record would show that full half these small denials, all of which had involved pain, and some of which had brought contest and punishment, had been needless, had been hastily made, and made usually on account of the slight interruption or inconvenience which should result from yielding to the request. I am very much mistaken if the honest keeping and honest study of such a three days' record would not wholly change the atmosphere in many a house to what it ought to be, and bring almost constant sunshine and bliss where now, too often, are storm and misery.

With some parents, although they are neither harsh nor hard in manner, nor yet unloving in nature, the habitual first impulse seems to be to refuse. They appear to have a singular obtuseness to the fact that it is or can be of any consequence to a child whether it does or does not do the thing it desires. Often the refusal is withdrawn on the first symptom of grief or disappointment on the child's part,—a thing which is fatal to all real control of a child, and almost as unkind as the first unnecessary denial,—perhaps even more so, as it involves double and treble pains, in future instances, where there cannot and must not be any giving way to entreaties. It is doubtless this lack of perception which is at the bottom of this great and common inhumanity among kind and intelligent fathers and mothers,—an inhumanity so common that it may almost be said to be universal; so common that, while we are obliged to look on and see our dearest friends guilty of it, we find it next to impossible to make them understand what we mean when we make outcry over some of its glaring instances. "H. H."

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[*Please send all materials for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.*]

CHARADE.

My first great strength and daring has,
And a soldier makes at will.
My second consists of one letter or three,
And so small a space doth fill.
My third is a very tangible thing,
Yet you cannot take in your hand.
My fourth has only one letter again,
A vowel, you understand.
My fifth is a grain that farmers like
For the bountiful yield it bestows,
Being more fruitful, as I have been told,
Than any grain that grows.
My whole is a bustling, noisy place,
Where all must labor and strive;
And men are as thick and as busy, too,
As bees are in a hive.

E. P. P.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is blind-man's buff like sympathy?

2. Which is the strongest day of the week?

3. Why need a man never starve in the desert?

4. What three figures multiplied by four will make precisely five?

5. What act of folly does a washerwoman commit?

6. Why is it an insult to a cock-sparrow to mistake him for a pheasant?

ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a flower.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a fruit.
My 1, 2, 3, 5, are vegetables.
My 3, 5, 6, is an animal.
My 6, 7, is an adverb.
My 6, 8, 9, starts in the spring.
My whole is well advertised.

DECAPITATIONS.

Fill out the spaces left in the following verses by a word whose first letter is dropped in each succeeding line, such as astray, stray, tray, ray. There is one word for the first verse, another for the second.

Near the river's brink are ——
Lilies fair, a youth is ——
Down the stream, to June is ——
Flowers and stream and bird on ——

The tadpoles' races are ——
He watches them while idly ——
He drifts along, his oars not ——
While larks and thrushes ——

Answers to puzzles in May number.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

No. 1. $99 + \frac{99}{99} = 100$.

No. 2.

13	24
67	65
80	89
2	1
4	3
5	7
9	100
100	

No. 3. Comic.

No. 4.

$9+8+7+6+5+4+3+2+1=45$
$1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9=45$
$8+6+4+1+9+7+5+3+2=45$

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Silence. 2. A-musing, B-coming, D-lighting, N-chanting.

CHARADES.

1. April. 2. Billow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A number of books suitable for the Cheerful Letter Exchange may be bought just now for very low prices at Houghton & Dutton's. Some of these are "Round the World in Eighty Days"; "Cranford"; "Queechy"; "Wide, Wide World"; "A Little Pilgrim"; "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush"; "Toilers of the Sea"; "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea"; "We Two"; "Donovan," etc. Please notice that we are not offering these books, but suggesting them to buyers.

The editor suggests that all those who have not *lately* made a report of the books they have sent should now make this report to Mrs. Nichols.

Also, that those who have received books during the year should, if possible, send Mrs. Nichols a note or postal-card with the names of books received. This is not a rule. The object is to find out who have received but one or two books, and try to bring their requests forward again.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass., offers several numbers of the *Princeton Review*,—not a file, but odd numbers. But the essays and articles in them are mostly complete in one number. The following titles will give an idea of the subjects of these essays, which would probably interest ministers or students: "The Education of Statesmen," Henry C. Adams; "The Human and the Brute Mind," Prof. F. C. Bowen (Harvard College); "The Newest Atheism," Noah Porter (president of Yale College); "The Resurrection of Christ," Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D. (Union Theological Seminary); "Haeckel on the Evolution of Man," Principal J. W. Dawson, LL.D. (Montreal); "The Position of England in the East," Canon Rawlinson (Oxford, 1880).

The *Unitarian Review* for 1886. Some of the articles of this year are: "The Sunday-school and the Church"; "The Present Aspect of Religion and Theology" (seven numbers), Rev. James T. Bixby; "The Pulpit and Social Reform," Carroll D. Wright; "The Sufficiency of Christianity," Rev. E. J. Young; "Carlyle on Happiness"; "The Maccabean Psalms," C. H. Toy; "Henry George on Free Trade," Heber Newton; "Scientific Theology the Ground of Liberal Religion."

The good will of the benefactor is the fountain of all benefits: nay, it is the benefit itself, or at least the stamp that makes it valuable and current.—*Seneca.*

The manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself.—*Seneca.*

If the Christian Sabbath means inward peace and rest, whatever disturbs that is Sabbath-breaking.

With hope at the centre of the soul, all things become alive. It insures the progress which it predicts. J. F. C.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The Treasurer calls attention to the fact that, as this is the first number of the fiscal year, many of the subscriptions are now due. They may be sent to her at her personal address, or left at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, addressed to her.

The address of our Treasurer after June 1 will be Miss Louise Howe, Nahant, Mass.; but subscriptions may be left for her at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at any time.

There will be no more meetings of the Cheerful Letter Exchange until farther notice.

Our Book Club department has grown so large that we shall ask of all who in the future write to us for books to send the name of some minister as a reference,—when possible, the minister of the church to which they belong.

We fear that some of our subscribers have the impression that by subscribing for *The Cheerful Letter* they will be sure to receive books. The Book Club has proved an attractive department of our paper; and many of our subscribers are interested in sending books to those who are unable otherwise to obtain them. But we engage only to keep the Book Club open for offers and requests, and that under certain conditions.

We remind all who send parcels or boxes with books, papers, etc., to correspondents or to libraries, that it is absolutely necessary to write at the same time to the receiver, enclosing the receipt which shows that the express or freight charges on the package have been paid. For want of this precaution, valuable packages have never been received. It is not probable that any of our *Cheerful Letter* friends send packages without prepaying them, but it is a common mistake of the express agents to charge the receiver for a prepaid package.

N.B.—PLEASE READ DIRECTIONS AT BEGINNING OF BOOK CLUB BEFORE WRITING FOR BOOKS.

Subscribers to *The Cheerful Letter* are kindly requested to send subscriptions to the *Treasurer*, not to the Editor.

In sending requests or offers of books, it is essential to address these communications to the *Book Club* (Secretary Mrs. W. B. Nichols). If addressed to the Editor these letters are in some cases postponed; in others altogether omitted. See directions in every number of *The Cheerful Letter*.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR OF "CHEERFUL LETTER,"—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, Nahant, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Many of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

Notice that requests for membership and for correspondents go to Miss Langmaid, our secretary; requests for books and offers of books, to Mrs. Nichols; and to Miss Clarke only articles for insertion in the paper (not Book Club matter). All such material should be written on *one side only* of the paper, and sent by the first of the month *before* that in which it is printed.